

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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A FAMILY HYMN.

HARK! there's a treat: the Family Hymn, a luxury suited to every home, fitted to every heart. How cheap an entertainment. "That is Janet's sweet voice; listen, you'll hear the words: they all join. I know the hymn, it is from a German collection."

"Oh, make our house thy Sanctuary!

Come in to us a friendly guest,

And in our circle ever tarry:

Then shall we be for ever blest.

And thou, a house-mate, shall these walls

Transfigure into royal halls.

"Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er thou stayest;

There blooms a heavenly blessedness;

In silk, thy poorest thou arrayest,

Though men see but a ragged dress,

The purest high delight is there,

And even in want is wealth, to spare.

"Thou every morning us awakest,

And graciously to prayer doth call,

The household cares thou undertakest,

Thou knowest what is best in all;

And care, though 'twere a leaden load,

Is but a feather's weight with God.

"One tender bond all hearts embraces,

A heavenly bond thy hand hath wove:

The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,

Illumined with God's peace and love.

Grace is the sunshine of our home,

And there God's angels go and come."

"I would like to be through that thin partition, and join in those words," said Annie; and "I would be after you quickly," said another little one.

"The great fault of the world," said I, "always having heaven beyond you, rather than making it where you are. Could we not learn a few of those sweet melodies, and out of our collection of hymns, which Mr. Martineau says, are for the 'CHURCH and the HOME', sing a hymn now and then?"

"I would like that, papa," said one;

and so would I," said another, "instead of that long lesson before our prayers."

And it was resolved, with a shorter lesson, to learn to fuse our voices in a sweet hymn occasionally at home.

The simple, sweet air, we find, both at home and in chapel, speaks down to our very hearts; it soothes disquieting thoughts and stirs up the noblest feelings of our souls. "Oh, this evening!" said a young man, after hearing a piece of music, "I could do no harm to my greatest enemy." Cultivate music in the family, teach them to play and teach them to sing. They will remember the air sung at the fireside through the storm and tempest of life. We recollect hearing at the bed-side of an aged friend, an air of childhood, hummed over with such sweetness, when the eye and the ear were closed to all outward observance. Music can make sweet melody in the soul when the avenues of all other pleasure are closed. "Thou dost not know," said Zwingle to Faber, "what music is: I love to play a little on the lute, the violin, and other instruments. Ah! if thou couldst only feel the tones, the evil spirit of ambition, and the love of riches, which possess thee, would then quickly depart from thee." Many pursuits and arts in life, are in the end regarded with pain, and condemned with bitter reflections. There is one thing always loved, spoken of with pleasure, esteemed the more highly it is the better known, and a saviour from many evil companionships, *i.e.*, *music*. It matters not how much time it takes; *take the time*, and have your children trained to it. It matters not how much the cost, pay it willingly; it requites *all the cost*. The family hymn and the fireside song give to music a religious and social patronage, and parental blessing.

MASCULINE EXPERIMENTS IN THE HOUSEKEEPING LINE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EVERY well-bred woman has had occasion to lament the ignorance in which men live, without shame or self-reproach, of the commonest elements of domestic economy. How often does the skillful wife lecture the discontented husband about the impossibility of getting a breakfast in ten minutes, or of always having things up to an imaginary perfection: or of doing as well on washing days, or when the cook is sick, or has broken her temperance pledge, or when there has been an insurrection among the helps. Only the constant reminders of the excellent woman at the head of the bureau of domestic affairs can keep men from presumptuous remarks and ignorant complaints. It would be well if men could sometimes be left to do their own work. We have an experience to relate.

Our summer vacation was ended, but the family were to remain in the country until the frost opened chestnut burs and nipped the boys' fingers. We concluded to board ourselves for the day or two. It was Saturday. We began to reflect upon the stores to be laid in for Sunday, and the method of preparing them. We have a little gas stove, invaluable for sickness, for pet suppers, and for returned gentlemen disposed to make their own tea. With it we could boil and bake. To broil was beyond its skill—or at any rate beyond our knowledge of its capacity. We rummaged the shops and alighted upon a gas-broiler, to be described hereafter.

We proceeded next to our grocer's, ordered six canteleups, as many tomatoes, and bread. On reaching home, it occurred to us that butter was sometimes used with bread, and that had been forgotten. We went back for it, and also procured half-a-dozen eggs. On reflecting how the eggs were to be eaten, pepper and salt came to mind, and not a particle of either could we find in the well-cleaned castor. We looked into the store closet, behind bottles, tore a little hole in every paper package, found

sage, summer savory, catnip, empty spice boxes, salt bags used for corks, and nests of boxes of all sizes, some with a smell of allspice, some with odours of cinnamon, and others fragrant of nutmegs, ginger, and cloves, but no salt—pepper likewise. After wasting time in order to save, back we go a third time to the grocer for salt and pepper. A few crackers also, and a few herrings.

Next, we reflected upon the poor elements of a solitary gentleman's dinner. Soup was out of the question. Roast, boiled and fricasee were rejected. Fowls and fish were marked out. And only porter-house steak and mutton-chop remain. The quantity staggered us a little. But to err on the side opposite famine, we ordered two beefsteaks and five pounds of mutton chops. (Let the sequel be told.) As there was nobody in the house to receive them, we raced home to tend the door! We waited a full hour, and when at length the things came in our patience had gone out.

Next we found that coffee must be bought, then tea (English breakfast tea, of course, real Shou-Shong—the only tea of thorough refinement, green teas being for unlearned drinkers). These we brought home in our own hands. At length our labours of preparation seemed over, and we began to contemplate results, when it flashed upon us that there was neither milk nor butter in the house! These caused another journey. We hunted up a kitchen knife and fork, for every available instrument had been carried away, and the silver was all locked up in somebody's safe. Thus nothing was left for burglars, and nothing for me. In this round of investigation I gained an acquaintance with my own house, which forty years of common life would not bestow. I found out all about the side-board, its spoon drawer, its napkin drawer, its closet, and that secret drawer on each side, so cunningly arranged that no thief would ever suspect its presence until he found it out. Then the china closet was a perfect novelty, and held us in long investigation. We climbed to the top shelves of the store closet, saw fragments of dishes, various old acquaintances that disappeared long time ago. We searched the hall closet, and the

kitchen closet, the closets between the two rooms full of drawers, we got down on our knees to look into lower closets tucked in under suits of drawers, and we mounted upon barrels to peep into high nooks and shelves, and in one case, the barrel playing us a mean trick, we came down both sooner and faster than we had intended.

But how shall we describe our experiences, when all these preparations resulted in an actual meal? A long flexible tube was brought from the central gas fixture, and connected with the pet stove. To boil the water for tea or coffee was easy. We had often done that. But we had forgotten just how much tea should be put in for a drawing. And the quantity was certainly enough. We diluted, and diluted, and were prodigal of milk and sugar, without being able to cover the prodigious bitterness of the draught. We noted the two principal faults of tea-making were too much tea, and too long steeping. It took us yet longer to drink, and longer yet to get over it, and into sleep.

But this was all common-place, compared with our meat history. The broiler was very much like two iron pot lids soldered together, with a hollow handle attached. The gas came through the handle into the space between, and the lower section being perforated with a multitude of gas holes, when the gas was let on the lower surface was covered with blue jets. The meat being placed on a tin dish, the blazing cover was placed on proper supports just over it, and shot its heat downwards. The juice, the odour, and the fragrant fumes, attempting to escape, were driven back into the meat, and in my own case such was the force of repression, that they were driven out of the plate and over on to the dining-room carpet (for all my exploits took place there). Just as the meat began to sizzle and sputter, and while I was delightedly gazing at the process, the tube slipped off the handle, the flame went out very suddenly over the meat, but not till the escaping gas from the liberated tube had caught fire and shot a flame across my hands, that caused me to drop broiler, knife, and everything else, with astonishing celerity. I had no idea before how spry I could

be. The evil was soon repaired, but only to play off again the same trick, till I held the tube on to the broiler with one hand, and manipulated the meat with the other. I salted it, I peppered it, I turned it twice, the first time on the floor, the next time on to the dish, but with the same side up. The fork was a four-pronger. I could not get hold, or just so far as was needful to effect a deception and a disaster. At length I put out the gas, uncovered the meat, took both hands, and triumphantly reversed the obdurate meat.

It was with some pleasure, but not much pride, that I sat down to the repast. The bread was bakers'. Of course it was dry, tough, and tasteless. The tea I have spoken of. The meat was the grand dependence. It was serviceable. I could hardly cut it, and could not chew it. The tomatoes were good. The melons were not. But the whole dinner agreed with my theory of moderation in appetite, and the satisfaction which I lacked in eating I sought to gain by profitable meditations.

Facilis descensus est averni: sed revocare gradum, etc.—"It is easier to get dinner, but to wash up the things, this is the burden and toil!" Virgil never spoke a truer word.

The water was hot. I found it out the moment I put my hand in the dish. It was the same hand that the gas had flamed on. I reflected on the difference between dry heat and moist hotness.

I could find no dish-cloth. The grease would not come off the plates. There was no soap. I rubbed with my hand, which only gave the grease a circular form on the plates. At length I got a newspaper, and by vigorous rubbing got the ware into a presentable condition. The tea-cups were better served. I found a napkin on the bottom of the spoon drawer. It was a mercy!

There was no swill bucket, and nowhere to throw the slops, and nobody that came for these superfluities in summer. The melon rinds, the tomato fragments, the inexorable meat scraps, and the unmentionable sundries of a man's cooking were heaped into the dish-pan. There they stood. Another newspaper served to rub down the table. It was our last solitary meal. A week

afterwards the fragments were found standing on the table where we had left them; the lamb chops we had left and forgotten in the cupboard, and they had a way of making their presence and exigencies known. Indeed, our whole procedure in this case met with the disapprobation of the powers that be, nor can we say that they exactly suited us.

But we have now a profound sense of a man's dependence on woman for domestic comfort. Instead of thinking that housekeeping is easy—a mere nothing, we admire and revere the genius that conducts so intricate a campaign as must be every single day's housekeeping.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

The fiery Wain pursues its nightly course,
Careering round the Polar spark on high.
Orion mounts his guard-post in the sky,
And looks abroad upon his myriad force,
Who bear their silver shields all burnish'd bright,

That shine resplendent in the silent night.

Grand pageant! to the upward gaze reveal'd!

But, downward looking, half the heavenly blue

By Earth is hidden from the yearning view.

The Southern Cross is from the eye conceal'd,

With the vast throng that hang in ether there,
Around that sacred symbol in the air.

Half Heaven we see:—and would we win the whole,

The Earth is given whereon our part to play

As heirs-expectant of a nobler day.

Abuse the gift, we miss the glorious goal.

Unmindful of the end for which 'tis given,

Earth blots not half, it hides the whole of Heaven.

Leicester, March, 1861.

C.

INVOCATION.

I offer up my fervent prayers to thee,

Oh, Father, God!

Thou only canst my inmost motives see,

As on I plod.

While Slander sends its arrows forth to mar,

I trust in thee;

For, barbed though they be, they leave no scar—

I still am free.

Though Malice seeks me as its easy prey,

I look on high,

And praise thy holy name from day to day,

For thou art high.

Though friends prove false and all the world should scorn,

My anchor's sure;

The more I am of earthly baubles shorn,

The more endure.

My aspirations to thy throne I send,

Oh, Holy One!

And praises with my prayers I blend—

"Thy will be done!"

PROSPECTUS.

A NEW UNITARIAN PAPER.

On Saturday, May 4th, 1861, will be
Published, price *One Penny*,

Stamped, *Twopence*, Eight Pages, size
and style of the 'Athenæum,'

THE UNITARIAN HERALD,

A Weekly Religious Newspaper.

EDITED BY

Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D.

Rev. Wm. Gaskell, B.A.

Rev. Brook Herford.

Rev. John Wright, B.A.

IN uniting for the purpose here announced, we have been influenced solely by the desire to meet a want which we know has been generally felt throughout our denomination, and to lend additional aid in fostering its religious life.

Ever since we became engaged in the Missionary operations now actively carried on in the districts where we labour, there has been constantly pressed upon us the need of some cheap organ of communication among our scattered Churches, more especially such as were still in their infancy, which would keep them fully acquainted with each others plans and proceedings, give them an interest in each others welfare, and enable them to combine their means and efforts for the promotion of the common good. The offers of assistance which we have received from every part of the kingdom, encourage us to hope that we shall succeed in making the "HERALD" an organ of this kind; and that, while scrupulously respecting the rights and independence of separate Churches, we may afford the means of bringing them into more united and vigorous action than they have hitherto displayed. One great object with us will be to direct this action to the help of Missionary movements, to give them practical guidance, and assist in the development of Mission stations into self-supporting Churches.

Though this will be our leading aim, we shall likewise endeavour, together with full intelligence of all congrega-

tional meetings of interest in our body, to present, from time to time, faithful reports of what is taking place, either in the States of America or on the Continent of Europe, which has a bearing upon the progress of pure and genuine Christianity. Nor will our attention at home be exclusively confined to the state of our own Churches, but we shall try to look with impartial eyes on what those of other denominations are doing, and while we lift up a warning against that which strikes us as false and evil, be ready to point out for approval and imitation that which recommends itself as right and good. Restrained by no barriers of sect or party, we desire to cultivate a hearty sympathy with all that is true and noble in men of every creed and name under heaven, and to help onward to the best of our power whatever tends to bring honour to Christ and glory to God.

Our purpose is not to divide, but to unite—not to sectarianise, but to Christianise. Holding, however, as we do, certain distinctive views of Christian truth which we believe to be of great importance, we have thought it only fair and honest to give to the "HERALD" a distinctive title, which would serve to indicate what is the form of Christian faith we specially wish to advance. This by no means implies that our inquiries are closed, and our theology set in immovable types. Free thought and free speech, under the control of a reverent spirit, we deem absolutely essential to the interests of truth; and seeking growth and progress ourselves in all that appertains to the life of the soul, we shall be ever anxious to encourage others in doing the same. We believe that a large and increasing number, both of ministers and people, in our Churches, are desirous of closer union, and the merging of mere theoretic differences in earnest efforts to do the great work to which Providence calls them. This aspect of the religious life amongst us, we particularly wish to represent. While abiding by the old ground of freedom in the fundamental constitution of our Churches and trusts, and reserving for the future the liberty which we have inherited from the past, we would urge the most open declaration of our

present position, and the most active efforts in making known those great principles which, notwithstanding minor differences, are generally held amongst us, and separate us from the rest of the Christian world. In a word, our aim will be to show that catholicity of sentiment is perfectly compatible with the firm maintenance of the doctrinal position which, however it may be ignored, we actually hold.

Without entering into further details here, we may just add, that on questions like those of Church Rates and University Reform, the "HERALD" will utter no uncertain sound, but speak out clearly and unmistakably for the complete equality of all denominations in the eye of the law.

It is intended that each number of the "HERALD" shall contain Two Leading Articles: one on some subject of immediate religious interest, and the other of a more general character; a Summary of the most important social and political events of the preceding week; what the Churches are doing; Reviews of religious and theological works; Correspondence; Religious Intelligence, at home and abroad; Tales, Sketches, and Poetry.

In order to make the Paper a useful Congregational organ, a portion of it will be reserved for giving, under the head of various towns, notices of special services, meetings, and appointments.

From the promises of support already received, a circulation of Five Thousand copies weekly can be guaranteed; it will be seen therefore that the "HERALD" presents a good medium for Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

SIXPENCE PER LINE.

The "HERALD" will be published simultaneously in London and Manchester every Saturday at noon. Agents will be appointed in connection with every congregation, by whom the unstamped copies will be supplied.

Communications, Advertisements, and Orders for the paper, to be addressed to the Editors of the UNITARIAN HERALD, Messrs. JOHNSON & RAWSON, 89, Market Street, Manchester.

THE EDITORS.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE.

BY A LAYMAN.

THE distinguishing feature in the character of every truly good man is a clearly-defined moral aim and purpose, overriding all other aims and purposes, and seeking to fortify itself by all appropriate motives, thoughts, and incentives. Paul, in the following words, gives expression to one of his own incentives to moral action, and it seems worth a moment's looking at.

"Wherefore, seeing that we also are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

The man who is content to live for *himself alone* is a poor and fortunately a rare specimen of humanity. Man, in general, lives in contact with his fellow-man, lives to feel the great heart of humanity throbbing on all sides—loves to knit himself in relation to his kind. Hence the value he sets upon books of travels, biography, and history, and whatever else opens up for him and illustrates the life of man. The study of history has arisen from his desire to know more of his fellow-creatures who have peopled this earth in days gone by. We stand on the brink of the past, oppressed and saddened at its dreary desolation, till history waves her magic wand, and transforms the silence, and stillness, and gloom into life multitudinous, flashing, and melodious. So, recurring to Paul, we find that history was a favourite study of his; and as the instinct of the heart, to which I have referred, has its own special routes, as it were, to travel in, so we find that it was the history of his own race and country which most delighted him. The chapter which precedes my text, and to which it hangs as a sort of pendant, is a kind of *resume* of that history; and it shows how extensive was his acquaintance, and how large his sympathy with it. But what fixed his attention therein most was not merely the picture it illuminated of a participation in the common life of humanity. That was to be seen, and

much more, for there was romance there—life in unusual and striking forms; but that was not the thing which fixed his attention most. The thing which did this was its wonderful richness in moral glory. "Why," he seems to say, in a grateful burst of hallowed joy, "it is one long-suspended blaze of moral glory." All its noble deeds are records of what its moral energy has done. "By faith," that is to say, by the moral power which wrought in the soul, "Abel did *his* glorious deed; and Noah *his*; and Abraham *his*; and Moses *his*; and when he comes to speak of this last, he seems to linger over it, as though it were the very gem of the history—lingers over it as though it were a strain of rapturous and delicious music." Now, these are the glowing facts his memory is stored with; and it is his active and ardent imagination continuing upon and with these that we are called on to contemplate in the passage before us. The shades of these illustrious men, he tells us, yet linger on the earth, and haunt the footsteps of men. So prolific has the past been of such men, that a very "cloud" for number are they. And they are not to be thought of as grizzly phantoms, ghastly to think of, and chilling the very air with their breath—as is the manner and nature of ghosts—but as warm with the life and love of the tenderest sympathy with man. "They watch us," says Paul, "to see how *we* shall behave in the life-struggle in which they have themselves conquered." But did I say that so it seemed to his ardent imagination? Then let me now say, so he believed in the depths of his devout and deeply religious heart. Doubtlessly he did believe, not only that the dead die not, and in their separate being live, but that they are thus present, themselves invisible, and take a lively interest in man. And shall I take it on myself to say, it is all an idle dream? No! I would rather clasp to my heart the thought full of strange solemn beauty and power, that the venerable forms of history and the loved forms of departed friends are ever above and about us, and bend with eager eyes upon us, which fill with tears when we go wrong, but kindle into unearthly brightness when we do right. Conceive

it, oh! conceive of our ever moving about in this august and sympathizing presence. Oh! if we did, how would it sanctify and hallow our daily life, which often looks so mean and poor! Fact or fiction, I say it with confidence, there is eternal power, pathos, beauty in this thought of facts. And the practical aspect of it, to which he would here conduct us, is this—that since such illustrious and living spectators watch our behaviour, therefore let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Earnest endeavour must supplement vivid impression.

But the thought is capable of being put into another form. Those watchful eyes which Paul saw, or imagined he saw, might be suffered to stand for the universal challenge and expectation which surely wait upon us all. We come of a noble race—a race whose deeds have ever been the theme of history and song; and the genius of that race stands by and says—‘art thou worthy of it.’ We belong to a noble country—a country of heroes and heroic deeds—a country of Alfred’s, and Shakespeare’s, and Milton’s; and the genius of that country stands by and says—‘dishonour not your noble country.’ We have noble friends, and they claim at our hands the justification of their confidence. We have kith and kin—near and dear earthly relations; and these bend imploringly towards us, and say—‘Bring no shame, nor sorrow upon us.’ Above all, and lastly, we have the great God over all, and He, now in the tenderest of accents, anon in tones of thunder, calls upon us for the performance of the task he has entrusted us with.

“Wherefore, seeing that we also are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”

J. J., *Isle of Man.*

UNITARIAN MISSIONARY PAPERS,
CONSISTING OF

- 1.—The Religious Condition of the People, by GEORGE BRAUMONT.
- 2.—How to Make Unitarian Christianity Produce its Due Effect on the Public Mind, by J. C. SREZZ.
- 3.—Unitarianism: its Mission and its Missionaries, by WILLIAM BINNS.

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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

MORBID NERVOUSNESS.

THE morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the clash of the falling fire-irons, or any little accident, puts him in a flutter. How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been when, a few weeks before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted! Another phase of nervousness is, when a man is brought to that state that the least noise or cross occurrence seems to jar through the entire nervous system—to upset him, as we say; when he can not command his mental powers, except in perfect stillness, or in the chamber and at the writing-table, to which he is accustomed,—when, in short, he gets fidgetty, easily worried, full of whims and fancies, which must be indulged and considered, or he is quite out of sorts. Another phase of the morbid condition is, when a human being is oppressed with vague, undefined fears—that things are going wrong, that his income will not meet the demands upon it, that his child’s lungs are affected, that his mental powers are leaving him—a state of feeling which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matters remain long in any of the fashions which have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity, in the form either of mania or idiocy. Numbers of common-place people, who could feel very acutely, but who could not tell what they felt, have been worried into fatal heart disease by prolonged anxiety and misery. Every one knows how paralysis laid its hand upon Sir Walter Scott, always great, lastly heroic. Protracted anxiety how to make the ends meet, with a large family, and an uncertain income, drove Southey’s first wife into the lunatic asylum; and there is hardly a more touching story than that of her fears and forebodings through nervousness, year after year. Not less sad the end of her overwrought husband, in black vacuity, nor the like end of Thomas Moore. And perhaps the saddest instance of the result

of an overdrawn nervous system, in recent days, was the end of that rugged, honest, wonderful genius, Hugh Miller.

"VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT!"

It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the new-fallen snow, against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother, "Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy, who had once been carried in her arms, and who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her:

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time that you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride that made his mother love him, if it were possible, more than ever; and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure he that commanded children to honour their father and their mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May he bless dear William, and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and a "staff" to his mother.

MOTHERING SUNDAY:

A HOMILY.

REV. J. P. HOPPS, SHEFFIELD.

TO-DAY, troops of young men and maidens, and husbands and wives, will go mothering. I know not who first ordained this day, or who set the example here, but I am sure he must have been a man with a truly human, and a right loving heart. Of all the feast days the merry year round, I ween, none can compare with this. It is one of the most natural, human, and lovely observances that ever entered into the heart of man to regard. It were better that any custom should die out than this, especially in these foolish days, when our young men and women are getting so fearfully precocious, and so undeniably *fast*. It has become the fashion to get away from the mother's apron strings as soon as possible, and to blush to own the old father, or the fond but old-fashioned mother. Young men now-a-days get to pick up scraps of learning, and oddments of polishments which the "governor" in *his* days never dreamed of getting; and the fast young damsel learns to cram her silly head with notions which never entered into the somber one of the mother, who watches with silent wonder and sorrow the airs her poor foolish girl assumes. It is really terrible to observe how heartily ashamed we are getting of the loveliest word in our language, and how we blush to have the word—*mother*—suggested as having any worth or weight with us. A hundred common phrases, too often heard and too seldom blushed for, might be named, that reveal the terrible scorn and desecration of the holiest and loveliest sensibilities, that have come to be fashionable in these fast and foolish times.

So that I think this mothering to-day is a very blessed business, and I do hope, from my heart, it may be well attended to. There is something rarely human in it:—the grown up son and the married daughter going to the old home again, *on purpose* to see the mother there. And she will put on her best cap—so snowy white, and smooth her scanty

grey hair, and—bless her! she will try to smooth the wrinkles too. Never mind them, mother, we shall love you none the less for them. And the old brass candlesticks that used to stand on the table the long winter evenings, and the big tin ones that used to light you to bed, will be on the same old shelf,—all as bright as the dear hands can make them; and the few pictures that you used to love so well, and wonder at so much, will be cleaned and dusted; and that funny old bottle full of salt or sand, and stuck round with those odd pictures, will shine again, with the rubbing it has had; and the comical old copper tea-kettle will sing again the old song you used to hear; and she will show you some of your old things,—a toy or two, and the little arm-chair, and your first copy-book, and a dirty old letter or two, and—there, God bless her, she has remembered much that you have forgotten. Dear old soul! the manliest heart of you need not be ashamed of tears to-morrow.

But some of these motherings will not be like those of the past years. Some that you had been used to see at home, you will see there no more. Perhaps the old father has gone to the great home since last year. He always shared the joy of the mothering, and quietly nursed his pride as you told him the story of the year. But you will find the well-known chair empty to-morrow;—the dear old chair, around whose strong arms you have so often clung, to climb to the knees that will be climbed no more. Don't say much about it to-morrow, and let your mothering be all the tenderer and carefuller for it; and when she is silent or sad, and the lips quiver, and she turns away to hide the brimming eyes, don't be harsh with her,—nay, not even be impatient, but love her all the more that she is left alone.

Or may be, one who was wont to come on the same errand as yourself to that home, will not be there this year; for many brave lads have gone to sea, and many a gallant heart has left the motherland to face a cruel foe, since last you kept this day together. And all this wild March weather, while the ruthless wind seems to tear and rend itself in its mighty passion, the mother lies

awake at midnight to listen with beating heart, and then to pray, God to keep her sailor-boy. Do not forget him to-morrow,—she will not; and don't be jealous if she talks *very* much of him. Remember that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and that it is much to be expected that she should think most of the wanderer and the absent one. Therefore when you sit down, round the old hearth, be unselfish enough to talk much of him, and say all you can to make her glad.

But she will be first, and will not let you forget yourself. You will have to go over all the story of the year to her, that she may weep with you or rejoice. Deal truly with her;—it will do you good to be a child again, and to tell her, as you used to do, your wishes and your hopes. It will do you good to go over the year again with a mother's hand in yours. And let me say here:—*dare you do it*, my brother? If not, are you,—*can* you be living as you ought to live?—and have you ever thought that what you *can* succeed in hiding from a mother, you *cannot* succeed in hiding from a clearer vision and a more watchful eye? Deal thus truly with her, the more because it may not be long before she will go to the long home, and be with you no more. For even to-morrow may be the last mothering you will ever have, and next year you may have to stay at home, or keep the old day in the cold churchyard. While she is with you then, deal truly and kindly with her, and let her feel that in growing up to be a man you have not forgotten to remain a son; and that in winning much wisdom of which she cannot know, you have not come to be heedless of the love and sympathy which she still can feel.

Some of us though will not keep mothering to-morrow, except at an honoured grave. We shall go to look at the place where we left her last, when she could neither return our look of love, answer not our sorrowing word. Let us not go there with sorrowing hearts;—she is not dead;—she does not even *sleep*; but in some blessed land, far off or near, may be she watches us, and knows us, and loves us still. Go then to-morrow where she lies, and there recall all that memory retains of her;—

think over the counsel she gave you, and the care she spent upon you, and you will be all the better for it. And if you can even repeat the little prayer you used to say at nights by her side many years ago, you may go away a wiser and a better man; and there, in that cold churchyard, you will have kept truest and most blessed mothering.

But there are others of us who will not keep mothering at all to-morrow;—not many, I hope, yet some, I fear, who do not *care* about it—who, indeed, would rather keep away from her, as they have done all the year. Alas! for all poor mothers in almshouses and workhouses, or in the hidden places of our great towns, whose bitter reflection to-morrow shall be that the boy upon whom they spent the love and care of years will be ashamed to see them. Young man, is there a mother that will so think of *you* to-morrow? and are you squandering, in frivolities and gaieties, the money that should support her? or, worse still, are you wasting and degrading the love that should be all her own? Do you spend as much in beastliness or foppery as would serve to keep her warm this bitter weather; and waste as much money in a night as would serve to cheer her for many weary weeks?

Oh! beware—the commandments are not old yet, and the mind of Him who spake them is not changed. If you have neglected her all the year, let to-morrow witness in you a better mind. Go to her. She will not expect you, and yet she will. Make her glad, and go. Remember how she once toiled for you—waked, and watched, and cared for you. Remember how she bore with your perverseness, suffered your wilfulness, and taught you better things in your first wayward and foolish days. Remember how she went after you many and many a time when you had strayed from home, and how she shielded you even when you were in the wrong; how she listened to all your little troubles, and bound up and kissed every little wound or bruise, and sat up by your side when you were ill, and never cared to leave you night nor day. Ay, and think how she has loved you since you ceased to love her—watching for you in the cold streets if only to catch a sight of you, and then go

home content. Think of it, young man, and let her deep heart-prayer be answered that you may be restored to virtue and to her, and I think that to-morrow would be to you both a right blessed day—long to be remembered, and well worth my writing this poor word.

Let us all go, then, if we can, to the old home to-morrow. You know it was hard matter for the mother there ever to let some of us go thence; and they who stole us away had bitter things written against them for a time. But it is all over now, and she will make the fireside rarely warm for us. And, mothers! mind you do. It is of no use being jealous of Harry, who came last year and won Ellen from your hearth; nor is it generous to be shy of poor Ellen, because Harry would leave you to find a home for her. And be sure, if you are to keep glad and happy mothering to-morrow, you must forget to brood over the too long cherished and foolish notion that you have had something stolen from you, or that you are loved the less, because some one else is sought after the more. Be sensible, then, that's a dear old lady, and welcome them all to the old hearth—none the less warm for them, and they none the less welcome to it, because they ever left it for another.

And may I not say another word—a word on behalf of some of whom you are beginning to be jealous, because they, too, are pluming their wings as if for flight? Well, don't be hard with them. Remember you were once young yourself, and had a father, and a mother, and—all the rest; and that in leaving the old home, you loved those who were there no less, because you loved some other more. Be very kind, then, to the youngsters, and then they will love all the more to come back sometimes to the dear old hearth. Be kind to them, and I pray God to send you many happy motherings for many years to come.

AT THE DOOR.

"Who is it knocks this stormy night?

Be very careful of the light!"

The good man said to his wife,

And the good wife went to the door;

But never again in all his life

Will the good man see her more.

For he who knocked that night was Death;

And the light went out with a little breath;

And the good man will miss his wife,

Till he, too, goes to the door,

When death will carry him up to life,

To behold her face once more.

WILLIE'S MISSION.

"That smile yet lives in our heart so chill:
Would that the loved one were with us still."

"AUNT ELLIOTT, will you come over and talk with Mary, for," added the speaker, while his eye grew dim, and the corners of his mouth worked nervously, "since the boy has gone she will not be comforted."

The tears sprang to Ruth Elliott's eyes as she answered hastily, "I will be with you in a few moments," hurriedly entered the house for her bonnet, and was back almost before her companion had recovered from his uncontrollable agitation.

Mary and William Nichols were a young married couple, whose life, so far, had been one of almost uninterrupted sunshine. Two beautiful children blest their union—Willie, a joyous child of five summers, and a tiny girl of two. How the mother's love was centered around these dear ones, 'tis needless to tell. No sickness or sorrow had ever dimmed their eyes, and when other mothers mourned for a loved one, though Mary sympathized with them, and strained her little ones more closely to her breast, she could not realize that the time might come when they would be beside her no more. But one balmy day in June, little Willie's restless feet grew still, his violet eyes were closed, and his little dimpled hands were folded on his breast. But, ah! me, the living smile was still around his cherub mouth. The grim King of Terrors, when he led him forth through the dark valley, had left behind the sweet smile of innocence. Do we wonder that food was rejected with loathing, that her husband's voice fell on an ear which heard not, and that even the caresses of her babe failed to rouse the mother from this night of despair?

Mrs. Elliott, on entering the darkened chamber, could scarcely distinguish the objects within, so great the contrast to the light without.

Mary was lying, with her large, lustrous eyes gazing upon her with scarce a glance of recognition, and when she

spoke turned her face wearily toward the wall, as if she desired to be alone.

"Mary," said her aunt, "my poor child, will you not strive with this great grief. You have many blessings left, much to live for. Your husband needs your sympathy, and little Bessie even now is crying for mamma; do let me bring you a cup of tea, and unclothe the blinds that baby may come!"

"No, oh! no; I cannot, oh! Aunt Elliott," she exclaimed passionately, "how can I ever look at the sunshine again, and know my boy will never see it. Oh! my God, it will be shining on his little grave!" The long pent-up fountain of tears was unlocked, and their force seemed almost ready to rend the spirit from its suffering habitation. After the fierce storm of grief had spent its violence, Aunt Elliott drew from her pocket a small Bible, and quietly began reading the fifteenth chapter of Paul's letter to the Corinthians. At first the mourner heard but a confusion of words—their soul-cheering truths sank into her inmost being. The sluggish blood came in a quicker tide, the rigid tension of the muscles relaxed, and when Aunt Elliott finished with the sublime triumph over death, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Mary Nichols was offering prayer for strength where alone it may be found.

Who shall say that in weeks, nay in years after, she did not weep many bitter tears, or that, when the shouts of merry children in the street, or the patter of little feet upon the stair were heard, her heart did not for one instant cease to beat, and the thought of Willie would come with the wild yearning to behold him again? Then the sunshine was darkened for a season, but the thoughts that went so often heavenward since he had gone there, had brought that heaven that first seemed so far off, and so vague, so unattainable, now to seem very near; and that dark valley is bathed in the warm sunlight of Willie's dying smile. The River of death!—its banks are blooming with the fairest flowers of faith and hope. Even death hath lost its sting, for when he comes 'twill only be to lead her where Willie is waiting, and where parting is known no more.—*Star in the West.*

FOUR PAPERS ON SLAVERY.

No. 2.

WHAT THE NEW TESTAMENT SAYS ABOUT SLAVERY.

(1.) In the fourth chapter of Luke, beginning at the 16th verse, there is a passage touching the spirit of Christianity that goes right to the heart of Slavery, and overthrows the system. "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, and to *preach deliverance to the captives*, and recovery of sight to the blind, to *set at liberty* them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and began to say unto them, this day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." The inevitable result of the preaching of the gospel is freedom to the slave. To hold the principle of the gospel, and hold men in Slavery at the same time, is as inconsistent as anything can be.

(2.) The words above do not say, make the captive as happy as you can, and bind up the bruises of the slave, but restore the man to himself, preach deliverance to him, and set at liberty the bruised; open their prison door, and proclaim them free. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—Matt. vii. 12. How any Slavery defender can evade the special and general import of those texts, we are at a loss to say. The entire spirit of the gospel is the spirit of freedom; it is the proclamation of knowledge, truth, goodness, and liberty, to the human family. One short sentence of the Great Teacher sets forth the matter in plain language. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. And they whom the Son makes free shall be free indeed." As light is ever on the wings of the morning, so liberty is the necessary effect of the preaching of the words of Christ. They are the most complete corrupters of the teaching of Christ who attempt to uphold Slavery from his words.

(3.) The declarations of the New Testament are uncompromisingly opposed to Slavery of all kinds. We are not to be masters over one another, but to live together as brethren in all things. "Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ, but he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. All ye are brethren."—Matt. xxiii. 8. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."—Gal. v. 1. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."—2 Cor. iii. 17. "Be not ye the servants of men."—1 Cor. vi. 23. These texts may be said to establish religious liberty; this is true, and it is because the slave, who is bought up by his master, body, soul, spirit, and issue as well, is regarded and treated

as a servant and slave in all things, that those texts strike at the very root of Slavery; without it is held that a slave is not to be received into the Christian church, that he is not within the call of religion, but this could be easily shown to be subversive of New Testament teaching and morality.

(4.) We are fully persuaded that the epistles neither ordain nor endorse Slavery as a Christian or a useful institution. Paul is called upon by the slaveholders as a witness for them; how his noble and free soul would have shrunk from their vile touch. He wrote a letter to Philemon to take back and forgive a runaway servant, who was willing to return to his master—such a letter as the most extreme abolitionist would have written, without ever thinking of being implicated in so serious a charge as endorsing Slavery. Philemon, the former master, had some right to the service of Onesimus, which, in all probability, arose from a contract between them. The apostle Paul, with the greatest softness of expression and warmth of affection, and delicacy of address, intercedes for Onesimus, who had done Philemon some wrong, and begs him to receive him kindly. Mark the words of the apostle. "Receive him not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but how much unto thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord." Then Paul reminds Philemon how he (Philemon) owes much unto Paul, "*even thy yourself*." Would any candid man say that Paul claims Philemon for his slave, from the expression; nor is there any justice in alleging that Paul is sending Onesimus back to Slavery. This letter of Paul's places masters and servants on an equal footing, without destroying the social distinction. Onesimus is called by Paul "my beloved son," and reminds Philemon he is his "brother." Thy servant is a man and a brother, Paul teaches. Oh! shame, that such an epistle should be handled by slaveholders to defend their iniquitous craft. They pervert it as they do the golden rule. The epistle teaches servants to be just to their masters, and masters to be merciful to their servants. It also shows us the character of Paul, a man of a noble mind, of uncommon generosity, of consummate prudence, of warm friendship, of skillful address, with the greatest politeness and purity of manners.

(5.) A few texts from other epistles are at times adduced as favouring Slavery. These texts speak of nothing more than that proper deference and faithful obedience of servants to their masters. One of the strongest texts is Eph. vi. 5—"Servants be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling." These words, "fear and trembling," may mean no more than that reverence and dread of wrong doing, as may be seen from another text, 2 Cor. vii. 15, where Paul is speaking of the kindness Titus witnessed among the Corinthians: "His inward affection is abundant toward you when he remembers your kindness, and how with obedience, and fear, and trembling, ye received him." No slavish fear could be meant. These texts in general teach, as does this one in Ephesians, that masters are to forbear

harsh treatment, and remember their master in heaven, who respecteth not persons. We are all equal in the eye of him. Col. iii. 20 and iv. 1—"Children, obey your parents in all things." "Servants, obey your masters in all things." "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." Servants and children are exhorted to obedience, and masters to justice; there is not the least countenance of Slavery in such injunctions to servants, but its complete condemnation set forth in the eyes of masters. Justice and righteousness are the standards set up for masters by the apostle. No higher standard of morality can be urged in our treatment of servants than this, found in numerous texts of the New Testament.

(6.) We have remarked that the teaching of Christ uproots at once the entire system that holds men and women ignorant, brutal, and enslaved: and the teaching of the first apostles, and their defiance of immoral statutes, wherever found, shivers a system like American Slavery to atoms. 1 Cor. vii. 21—"Art thou called being a servant? care not for it; but if thou mayst be made free, *use it rather*. For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise, also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant." In all the world's literature there is no finer counsel than this, which clearly means, "If thou art a bond-servant, care not for that; thou art the Lord's freeman: prefer rather to be civilly free, yet when free, remember that thou art the servant of Jesus Christ." And the next verse demands, above all other service, moral obedience to Christ. "Ye are bought with a price, be not the servants of men." Obey man in nothing in which it would be disobedience to Christ. These first apostles taught men not by words only, but by their lives, a truth that in an instant strikes off every fetter from the body or the soul of man. If the civil institutions of a country, or the social condition of any man was antagonistic to true Christian life, the sacrifice of the present evil was to be made at all costs. They stood up grandly for human rights, and taught the world not to be the slaves of men. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

(7.) When we speak of the Bible and the bond-service it recognizes, we should always contrast its teachings with the Slavery that regards men and women, made of the same flesh, and blood, and feelings as we are, numbered up with pigs, and sheep, and horses, with bales of cotton and acres of land, and ask ourselves the question, does any part of the Bible recognize such a prostitution of humanity, such a degradation of our fellow-man, as places him in the hands of an auctioneer to sell him as a thing—a brute? Turn from this sight, and read, "Honour all men." "Proclaim liberty to the captive." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Be kindly, affectionate, one to another with brotherly love, preferring one another." Slavery is a positive form of the foulest tyranny and villany; the New Testament, from end to end, is the highest

doctrine of morality, and breathes the most extended spirit of liberty.

No. 3.

THE TESTIMONY OF MANY MORAL WITNESSES AGAINST SLAVERY.

(1.) THE Apostle Paul has said, "God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" this appears to us a very proper basis for a forcible moral argument against man holding property in man. Man was made in God's image, and assigned dominion over the earth, and to subdue it, but all this was clearly restricted by the Creator to the lower animals; thus we have the highest possible authority for objecting to one man possessing another as a piece of property—as a slave. Man can set up no right, in reason, or show no clear title-deed to his fellow-man; might is the only thing he can plead, and as soon as this is the accorded ground, it shakes all other pretences of reason and Scripture, and destroys all moral obligation of the slave to serve, or stay a single hour, or bear the existence of his oppressor.

(2.) There are some who plead for the continuation of Slavery, because it brings the African into contact with a higher form of civilization, and is thus compensated for. In reality, we are persuaded the roving African or Indian is a much more superior form of civilization than the man-stealing, selling, trafficking American or European. The Mahometans, one hundred years ago, caught Englishmen, and sold them into Slavery, and alleged that the joys of heaven, through having adopted a Mussulman's faith, would amply recompense his loss of English liberty. We ought to have no difficulty of disposing of all those pretences for the upholding of Slavery. Neither difference of country, colour skin, character of religion, social position, strength of body or mind, forms any just ground for the capture of others and their enslavement. The ignorance and weakness of any man should shield him from our power of harm, and would always do so, were we just to the highest convictions of our nature, and the moral principles we profess to guide us.

(3.) The laws of those States that sustain Slavery are the only plea and defence for holding slaves, forgetting that there are certain fixed, eternal, higher laws infringed by the enactment of such laws as hold man in such bondage. Nothing is true law but what is just, or as *Hampden* says, "The essence of all law is justice, and what is not justice is not law, and what is not law is not to be obeyed." *Blackstone*, a great authority on law, writes, "The primary aim of society is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature. Hence it follows that the first and primary end of human laws is to maintain those absolute rights of individuals. If any human law shall allow or require us to commit crime, we are

bound to transgress that human law, or else we must offend both the natural law and the divine." This is the expression of a great and sound lawyer, and nothing more determinately opposed to Slavery could be said by the most rabid abolitionist.

(4.) That a slave should serve a master, stay with him, allow himself to be bought and sold, and passed about, because the law ordains it, is a horrible perversion of reason and of the word law. The slave might allege many things against such treatment. He might say, in the words of *Blackstone*, "As neither captivity nor contract can by the plain law of nature and reason reduce a parent to a state of Slavery, much less can it reduce his off-spring." He might also, with great truthfulness, say, "I was no party to your law, nor am I regarded as a member of civil society. I am regarded as a mere brute beast. I am not looked upon as a citizen. You confer on me no civil rights. All your laws therefore are no more morally binding on me than on the bird of the air, the fish of the sea, or the animal that roves in the forest. They fly from you, and so must I at every opportunity. You would destroy me rather than allow me to escape, and I am justified in destroying you rather than be held captive." Neither of those conditions are moral, but one is as logical and as just as the other. The law that permits the robbery of a man of himself, is not the minister of God, but of the devil, and it is meritorious to resist it, and fly from beneath its corrupting power. Slavery is untenable upon any moral grounds.

(5.) The wisest and best men of all ages have spoken out against it. "By the grand laws of nature all men are born free, and this law is universally binding upon all men."—*Cicero*. "Slavery is a system of outrage and robbery."—*Socrates*. "It is neither for good, nor is it just, seeing all men are by nature alike and equal, that one man should be lord and master over others."—*Aristotle*. "Slavery is a system of the most complete injustice."—*Plato*. These testimonies could be greatly increased. Christian moralists and divines ought to blush that the voice of heathen philosophers and statesmen is so much more clear and opposed to Slavery than theirs.

(6.) We are glad to add the testimony of Germany, France, and England, against this wrong, stated in plain and strong language. In 1372 the old German, Henry the Iron, one of the first Landgraves of Hesse, published an edict, "Abolishing for all eternity the state of Slavery, and threatening with death all those who should be discovered keeping a man, woman, or child in involuntary servitude." In a bishop's edict, in Germany, in 1411, there are words that apply to the present case of Anderson: "If a man is kept as a slave against his will, he shall ask for his immediate deliverance, and if he is kept a slave in spite of his demand, and defends himself against his master, and kills him, the killing shall not be considered murder." *General Lafayette*, of France, says: "I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived thereby I was founding a land of slaves." *Buffon* says: "It is

apparent that the unfortunate negroes are endowed with excellent hearts, and possess the seeds of every human virtue. I cannot write their history, without lamenting their miserable condition." We will conclude this section by the testimony of a few of Britain's worthies. "If you have a right to make another man a slave, he has a right to make you a slave."—*Dr. Price*. "No man is by nature the property of another. The rights of nature must be somewhere forfeited before they can be justly taken away."—*Dr. Johnson*. "What the Parliament doth shall be holden for nought, whenever it shall enact that which is contrary to the laws of nature."—*Coke*. "Slavery is a state so improper, so degrading, and so ruinous to the feelings and capacities of human nature, that it ought not to be suffered to exist."—*Burke*. "The law therefore which supports Slavery, and opposes liberty, must necessarily be condemned as cruel, for every feeling of human nature advocates liberty. Slavery is introduced by human wickedness, but God advocates freedom by the nature which he has given to man."—*Fortescue*. "It is injustice to permit Slavery to remain for a single hour."—*Pitt*. "With regard to a regulation of Slavery, my detestation of its existence induces me to know no such thing as a regulation of robbery and murder. Personal freedom is a right, of which he who deprives a fellow-creature is a criminal in so depriving him, and he who withholds it is no less criminal."—*C. Fox*. "Slavery is so vile, so miserable a state of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nature, that it is hard to be convinced that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it . . . though the earth and all inferior creatures be common to all men, yet every man has a property in his own person; this nobody has a right to but himself."—*Locke*.

No. 4.

THE EDUCATIONAL, POLITICAL, AND COMMERCIAL TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

(1.) From every point of view, Slavery, like all sin, is a curse to the nation and people that sustain it. For a moment good men, at times, suppose their justice and liberality are only supported by a sacrifice of their worldly interests, but in the end, when the account is fairly balanced, in a family or a nation, ultimate greatness and affluence are on the side of freedom and humanity, while poverty, ignorance, and shame are in the cup of oppression. The world seems too dull to believe the Scriptures, so God teaches by great national calamities, and shows that we ought to despise the gain of the oppressor, and envy none of his ways. The history of the world, but particularly the history of the great Republic, contrasting the free states with the slave states, and their comparative growth in the true elements of a nation during the last seventy years

"Declare how freemen can a world create;
And slaves and masters ruin any State."

(2.) The following figures and facts, which we have from a very correct source, show the differ-

ence between freedom and slavery in the following particulars. For brevity, we take New York and Virginia, which for extent, sweetness of air, fine harbours, richness of soil, and seams of valuable minerals, the latter is nothing inferior to the former.

(3.) **POPULATION.**—In the year 1790, the State of New York contained 340,120 inhabitants. That same year Virginia contained 748,308; more than double New York. In 1850, the State of New York contained 3,097,394, and Virginia only 1,421,661; being greatly less than one-half. We have confined the date to 1850, as the other changes we will point out belong to the same period, and are equally great up to the present census.

(4.) **TRADE AND COMMERCE.**—In 1791, the export trade of New York was a little over two millions, and that of Virginia over three millions. In 1852, the exports of New York were upwards of \$7,000,000, and of Virginia a little over 2,000,000. In 1790, the imports of the two were equal. In 1852, the import trade of New York amounted to one hundred and seventy-eight millions, but that of Virginia to only half a million. In 1850, the products and manufactures of New York were worth 237,000,000; of Virginia, 29,000,000. The entire, real and personal property of New York, upwards of one thousand millions, and that of Virginia three hundred and ninety-one millions. The city of New York alone, five hundred and ninety-one millions—that free city could have bought the entire State of Virginia, slaves and all, and had 100,000,000 left. The computation is made in dollars, 4s. 2d. How true,

"God fixed it certain, that, whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

(5.) **A CONCESSION.**—The present governor of Virginia, a Slavery advocate, said recently, "Commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from us. You have no commerce, no mining, no manufactures. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have to chase the stump-tailed steer, to procure a tough beef-steak. The landlord has skinned the tenant, and the tenant skinned the land, until both have grown poor together."

(6.) **A CAROLINIAN TESTIMONY.**—"Like all other centres of trade in our disreputable part of the confederacy, the commercial emporium of South Carolina is sick and impoverished; her silver cord has been loosed; her golden bowl has been broken, and her unhappy people, without proper or profitable employment, poor in pocket and few in number, go mourning or loafing about in the streets. Her annual importations are actually less than they were a century ago, when South Carolina was the second commercial province in America, and Virginia the first."

(7.) **THE WHITES IN SLAVE STATES.**—It is notorious that the spirit of Slavery has eaten out of the very hearts and homes liberty among the white population. Some 350,000 slave-holders lord over the millions of whites as well as the blacks, with a rod of iron. The most perfect system of despotism exists in the Southern States. A Southern man says, "The whites among slave-

holders, to all intents and purposes, are disfranchised and outlawed, and the only privilege extended to them is a shallow and circumscribed participation in the political movements that usher slave-holders into office."

(8.) **EDUCATION.**—The blacks are prohibited instruction; the whites are a very little better cared for. There is a want of a free literature. There is a terrible penalty on liberty of speech. In the free States, nearly four-fifths of the whites under one-and-twenty can both read and write; in the slave States, about four-fifths of the whites, under one-and-twenty, can neither read nor write. In Connecticut (free), 1 in every 568 above one-and-twenty years of age can neither read nor write; in Maryland (slave), 1 in every 27. In Vermont (free), 1 in 473; in North Carolina (slave), 1 in 7. Thus the free contrasts with the slave States for education among the white population. Darkness and moral death are felt in lands of Slavery.

(9.) **POST-OFFICE RETURNS.**—The Post-office of the free and slave States uphold the foregoing facts. In 1855, the mail service in the Southern slave States cost the government about 600,000 dollars, while the free States paid all their own expenses, and 2,000,000 into the treasury. In 1852, the free State senators—thirty-two of them—sent to their constituents 1,019,800 State documents, while thirty slave State senators sent only 176,500. We cannot view such facts as these but be convinced that the difference between freedom and slavery is just the difference between knowledge and ignorance, wisdom and folly; in a word, between right and wrong.

(10.) **CONCLUSION.**—No pen can sum up the amount of private villainy and of public wrong that ought to be set to the account of Slavery. It is the stultifying of the finest sensibilities of piety, and the contravening of the most golden precepts of morality. It is the diffusion of ignorance and brutal stupidity, where knowledge and goodness would plentifully flow. • It is a bar on free thought and free speech, and a great educational curse. It is the perpetuation of the worst kind of despotism that ever existed on the earth, and is like a great political upas tree to all who come within its withering influence. It is the stagnation of the truest commercial interests of a State, rendering fruitful plains and busy harbours, places of inanimation and sterility. If eight slave States, with all their property, slaves included, were placed on the auctioneer's block to-day, the State of New York—the wealth of freemen—would buy up all, and have one hundred and fifty millions left for other purposes. We could not believe that men could be in every respect their own worst enemies, were it not the experience of every day testifying that they can.

Let us aid all we can to enlighten the world on this question, and to properly stigmatize and rebuke Slavery, and by every means to help on the better time, when the words of our great poet and dramatist shall be realized over all the earth, in their full political, social, and religious sense,

"Liberty, Freedom.—Tyranny is dead;
Run hence, proclaim it, cry it about the streets;
Run to the common pulpit, and cry out,
LIBERTY, FREEDOM, ENFRANCHISEMENT."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

OBJECTION TO BEING AN ANGEL.—Little Susie H., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked, with much vehemence, "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel—and I needn't, need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned the mother. "Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear *feddere* like a hen!"

MODEST PRAYING.—A Boston deacon was once overheard to pray in this wise: "O Lord, we would not presume to dictate, but we would suggest that a revival of religion is very much needed!" Another deacon, in the same city, once offered the following: "O Lord, we hope we are right, for we are very decided!" Both these prayers are representatives of a large class.

SMALL CHANCE OF SALVATION.—It is said of Ethan Allen, that he once attended a church where the minister made an estimate, the result of which was, that out of the whole human race not more than one in a hundred would be saved. On the announcement of this result, Allen took his hat and walked out, saying as he went, "Gentlemen, if any of you want my chance, you are welcome to it. It is not worth staying for."

PIOUS GAMBLERS.—One of the most amusing instances of external piety we remember to have witnessed, was in a Madrid club, where every night, towards twelve o'clock, a *rouge-et-noir* table opens. Occasionally it has happened that when the game was at the hottest, the table strewn with gold and notes, eagerness to be read on the flushed countenances that craned over the green cloth, there was heard in the street without the tinkle of the bell that announces the passage of the Host. Instantly the game was suspended, the gamblers knelt upon their chairs or on the floor, and crossed themselves and mumbled a few prayers, while the consecrated wafer passed on its way to some dying man's bedside. The sound of the bell and of the steps of the priests grew fainter, and as it died away the gamblers resumed their seats, again grasped their gold, and stretched their necks, and once more it was game.—*Blackwood*.

THE EFFECT OF TRADUCING GOD.—We are personally well acquainted with a lady, who, when a child of six years, conceived so violent a dislike to the character of God, from the stern, vindictive, libellous, and unlovely descriptions of Him, constantly taught her, that she resolved in the secrecy of her little heart never to pray to Him. Jesus the Saviour was held up to her as his very opposite—to Him her whole soul went out in love, and to Him, since she was taught He also was God, she resolved henceforth to pray. For years therefore she repeated the Lord's prayer night and morning, commencing, "Our Jesus who art in heaven," instead of "Our Father," etc. "We know not what we do," when by our so-called religious teachings we drive children from their Heavenly Father.—*New Covenant*.

A CHILD'S EXPLANATION.—In a cemetery, divided for the burial of Episcopalians and Dissenters, are stones marking the boundary, with the letters EPIS. on one side, and DISS. on the other; "that means," said a little fellow, "that *epistles* are buried on one side, and *disciples* on the other." We question that the antiquary of 2860 will be able to explain those letters at all.

MY BOY.—At the dedication of a Reform School, Hon. Horace Mann said, that if it should be the means of saving a *single* boy, it would repay the people of the commonwealth for all their care and outlay. On coming out, some one asked Mr. Mann whether he did not overdo the matter, a little, and if he really meant that saving one child would be a sufficient remuneration? "If it were *my* boy, I should think it would," was the quick reply.

SUNDAY SHOES.—Strange that all kinds of leather are too poor to go to church on a wet Sunday! What is the matter with all our tanners that shoes cannot be made which are proof against Sunday mud and wet? Multitudes of people run around all the week in ordinary leather, and no harm comes to them. But if the pavement be the least wet on a Sunday morning, they are certain that they might as well order their coffins at once, as to go out in such shoes as they have. What is the mystery that makes leather, which is so impenetrable all the other days of the week, not much better than brown paper on a Sunday morning? Who will make his fortune, by providing the vast army of stay-at-homes with a patent improved church-going shoe, warranted water-proof on Sundays?—*Boston Investigator*.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—In the year 1791, when the trials took place at the Warwick assizes, for the assessment of the amount of damages to be paid by the county to the sufferers by the riots at Birmingham, the late much-lamented Sir Samuel Romilly (who was one of the counsel retained in behalf of the sufferers) called one evening upon Dr. Priestley, at the gentleman's house with whom he abided during the assizes, when remarking upon the extraordinary conduct and language used by George Hardinge, Esq., in the court on that day, Sir Samuel said, "that although Judge Hardinge was to be paid one thousand guineas for laying his circuit to come to plead as Queen's counsel, at Warwick, upon that especial occasion, yet it would be the worst day's work for him he ever did in his life; for by so doing he would be kept stationary as Welch Judge, as long as he lived;" adding, "though there are many persons who love treason, but few will trust a traitor." Judge Hardinge died a Welch Judge.

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